TALES OF TRUTH.

BY A LADY.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE

DUCHESS OF YORK.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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THE VISIT.

I ONCE had the good fortune to know Melinda: in my early knowledge of her, she resided in a romantic retreat; in what county, is not to the present purpose—suffice it was in England. The writer of a minute or long story, should possess what I am about to prove to my readers *I do not*, viz. *wit*.—"You have invention, then," said a friend, to whom I made the above confession. "I have its repeated parent, *necessity*," said I;—"but she has, in her visit to me, proved the fallibility of the apothegm in her favour."

"Upon what credit do you ſet up as an *authoreſs*?"

"Not being favoured with the qualifications, I aſſume not the title; I relate only.—*Truth* is my goddeſs; and if, like *beauty*, 'ſhe is, when unadorned, adorned the moſt,' my relations will be read."

Melinda was a widow at the period alluded;—her heart ſincere, open as day to 'melting *charity*;' her mind highly cultivated; her manners captivating. She had received from nature a large portion of vivacity; but as ſhe had not always trod a velvet path, it was much decreaſed; more from circumſtance than age—perhaps ſhe was improved by its diminution.

She

She now poſſeſſed that refined delicacy and regular chearfulneſs, which decorate the female mind to more advantage, than all the ſparklers of Golconda would the perſon.

When at the age of eighteen, ſhe had a little romance in her compoſition :—She thought it poſſible to be happy with the man of her heart, though not within the circle of ſplendour and faſhion : a circle that is often as fatal to happineſs, as the vortex of Maelſtrom is to the unfortunate mariner that is drawn within its influence. She was very near bringing her opinion to the teſt of experience, when her father diſcovered and prevented it.

The object of this juvenile attachment, was the ſon of a divine, a *pious* man,—but not a *biſhop*; an amiable youth of nearly her own age, whoſe heart glowed with ſenſibility, and who thought Love not only *immortal*, but a ſpecific for poverty; forgetting the good old proverb, that ſays when "that meagre viſitor comes in at the door, love affrighted flies out at the window."

Proverbs are ſometimes the "*multum in parvo*:" but if I were at all inclined to be an egotiſt, I could prove there are exceptions, by bringing (as the wiſe men of the law ſaw) "a caſe in point."

The

The marriage ſtate, I have no doubt, was originally deſigned to be the acmè of human happineſs; and tho' females of high ton have continued to bring its name into diſrepute, that does not diminiſh its powers: the motive they marry with, accounts for their eſtrangement from each other; and it too often happens, that thoſe who marry for love, as the phraſe is, travel too far into the fairy land of imagination, before they tread the ſober path of matrimony, and there forget, that a life of tranſport is not the lot of mortals; and that ſatiety ſucceeds rapture, as regularly as night ſucceeds day; and their diſappointment is proportioned to the extravagance of their expectations.

To prevent the continuance of an attachment, prudence, (which is sometimes another word for avarice) did not authorise, an appointment in the East Indies was obtained for the youth; and he left England, his heart heaving responsive sighs with the fair Melinda's.

Sorrow, for some time dimmed the brilliancy of her eye, and checked the vivacity of her manner; but good sense, and the effects of a judicious education, given her by her mother, (who died a twelvemonth before the period alluded to) taught her to submit to what seemed inevitable, without murmuring.

In

In a ſhort time after the departure of the youth, by a revolution of that wheel, that in its circuit oft ſhakes the crowns of princes, her father's affairs became embarraſſed. At this critical period a Mr. Davenport, a man of large fortune, but twenty years older than Melinda, made propoſals of marriage: Her father approved them.—

Her heart had been chilled by diſappointment: the ſex were alike indifferent to her; to make her father happy, the ultimatum of her wiſhes, ſhe buried her hopes in ſilence, and married Mr. Davenport.

He lived ten years; during which he contrived to call into exertion her whole flock of patience and forbearance, which chanced to be a very large one; and when death came, that opens the gates of truth in the heart, he felt and acknowledged her great worth; tenderly begged her pardon for the unneceſſary pain he had given her, and left a leſſon for *waſpiſh* tempers, that he had been, by his own petulance, rendered as miſerable as his greateſt enemy could wiſh him.

At this moment, perhaps, Melinda felt more tenderneſs for her huſband, than at any during their union.—Behold! behold! I am thy ſupplicant—diſarms reſentment of its ſting, and gives action to all the ten-

derneſs

derneſs of the ſoul. Melinda had a ſenſible one.

She continued in the world ſome years after the death of her huſband; mixed occaſionally in what is termed poliſhed ſociety, and purchaſed, by experience and obſervation, ſuch a knowledge of its magic circle, as made her anxious to retire from it, before her daughter Emilia arrived at an age to feel its facinating influence. Early impreſſions often give character to future life; the opinions, therefore, of children, ſhould be minutely attended to, and corrected when the mind firſt awakes to obſervation, and the ſenſes begin to be attracted by the diverſified ſcene, an intercourſe with ſociety preſents.—

ſents.—Then is the propitious moment; the mental ſoil is free from weeds, and what is then planted will bloſſom into beauty. It is in early youth, before ideas are crowded or complexed, while the fancy is lively, quick to receive, and eager to retain, that the moral beauty of virtue can impreſs its image.

Melinda had looked with an obſerving eye on the general habits of her own ſex, and became convinced, that their various errors proceeded from a neglect of early education:—She had ſeen brilliancy of intellect, and ſtrength of judgment, ſacrificed to *faſhion* and ſuavity of diſpoſition, changed to acerbity, in its paſſage through the various regions of that mutable deity; and

the

the heart that was originally the ſeat of Innocence, and her handmaid, Peace, become the dwelling of Vice, and her long train of lacerating evils.

She knew there was no maxim founded upon more certain evidence, than that it is the companion, and not the preceptor, that is the ſovereign guide of youth: She wiſhed to form Emilia's mind on her own plan—*Wiſdom* pointed to retirement, and ſhe purchaſed the retreat that has been mentioned.

Melinda's ideas of education differed from the received method. *Mind* was her idol; ſhe had the moſt ſublime ideas of that divine ſpark: to watch its expanſion,

and

and impreſs it properly, as it opened, was her object. Unlike the preſent race of faſhionable mothers, ſhe conſidered its proper regulation as the primal good. It had often been a ſubject of much regret to her, as a philanthrophiſt, to obſerve the total negligence of mothers to that eſſential part of female education. She ſaw they were in general tremblingly anxious for the rapid progreſs of their daughters in the various ornamental acquirements,—while they ſuffered the moſt ſerious errors in their diſpoſitions and opinions, to paſs uncorrected.

She conſidered the human ſoul as naturally inclined to virtue, when pointed out with delicacy; and the female mind, before it

catches

catches the contagion of bad example, peculiarly adapted for its reception. She led the pupil to virtue, by the eaſy road of ſentiment, and withheld her from evil, by the infallible power of neceſſary inconvenience, rather than command, which only obtains a counterfeit obedience.

The decorative parts of education, no doubt, give luſtre to the virtues, and render them more generally acceptable; but if we eſtimate their ſeparate influence on the happineſs of ſociety, we ſhall find it vaniſh into air, unleſs they are aided by a well regulated mind; from which flows modeſty, a woman's primary grace, benevolence, truth, conſtancy, indeed the whole conſtellation of virtue.

How

How many who assume the important charge of education, are unqualified: their contracted capacities extend no further than the bare perception of any immediate act, without a possibility of discerning its nature, by tracing it up to the origin; nor have they the necessary peneration, which in a good teacher passes through every imperfection in the pupil, up to the motive which had produced it, in order to apply the remedy judiciously, where only it can be essentially serviceable.

Melinda was eminently qualified for the charge she had undertaken: She possessed a turn of mind peculiarly happy; every incident, every circumstance in life, which would pass unnoticed by others, furnished

her

her with ſome occaſion of reflection: Such habits are pleaſant, improving, and uſeful. "Reaſon, like poliſhed ſteel, muſt be kept bright by uſe; if ſuffered to lie by, it will ruſt ſooner than baſer metal."

She ſeemed to poſſeſs the true arcana of education: Not an excurſion was made, not a viſit paid, but a retroſpective view was taken of it when returned to the domeſtic circle. There is rarely an incident in life, from which a judicious analyſer of human actions cannot draw ſome uſeful reflection. The moſt careleſs and extreme merriment, virtue will allow, may give ſome uſeful hints; the moſt familiar topic, ſome caſual information.

If children were, by converſations adapted to their age and capacity, lured to a habit of reflection, from the firſt dawning of reaſon till it became ſufficiently ſtrong to influence and direct their actions, we ſhould not have occaſion ſo often to lament their wandering from the path of rectitude. The mind is boundleſs in its reſearches; and if a ſkilful hand directs its early excurſions into the extended field of obſervation, it will readily diſcover the beauties of the moral ſyſtem.

The pupil's opinion ſhould be inſenſibly drawn from her, on every ſubject to which her comprehenſion is equal. If you put the plain queſtion, ſhe will either feel a conceited conſequence at being referred to,

or

or a mauvais honte, that prevents reflection, and both ſenſations are inimical to the end propoſed.

Emilia was neither a modern angel, or a goddeſs at eighteen. She was more; ſhe was a pupil of Nature, and her handmaid, Melinda. That bounteous deity had given her thoſe nice touches that have inexpreſſible attraction, but baffle diſcription.

Her perſon had the bloom of youth, and the bluſhing grace of modeſty; her playful countenance lured to familiarity, but the intelligence of her eye repelled freedom. Her modeſty was not confined, but formed the bloom, and complexion of her

life; her converſation (if the expreſſion is allowable) was the counterpart of her perſon, faſcinating and chaſte.

She had an enchanting vivacity, with that gentleneſs and complacency of manners, that may be conſidered as the eſſence of virtue, rather than the ornament of it. She attracted the attention, and lured to love her, all to whom ſhe had been introduced; and it was now that Melinda conſidered it her duty to give Emilia a ſight of the world; ſhe had prepared her to ſtrip off its blandiſhments, and contemplate with the unprejudiced eye of reaſon.

Emilia

Emilia had often, with the gaiety and curioſity natural to youth, expreſſed a wiſh to take a peep beyond the ſcenes that bounded her preſent proſpect, and would ſometimes draw a fancied circle round her, in the centre of which ſhe moved, extending her wand of benevolence and love, to the ſolace of all within her fancied influence. Melinda would check the viſionary, and ſilently lament the deluſion would ſo ſoon be diſſolved.

In her deſcriptions of the habits of mankind, ſhe had uſed the pencil of impartial reflection:—She did not paint man as a monſter, nor the world as an emporium,

where vice only was to be met with; for Melinda was neither a prude, nor a cynic.

"The manners of the world," ſaid ſhe, "Emilia," one day as they were converſing, "are no doubt very exceptionable, morally ſpeaking; but believe me, my dear child, it is in the power of every young woman to paſs through it with pleaſure, honour, and ſafety, if ſhe will wear the ſhield of diſcretion, which like that of Achilles, will be invulnerable to the arrows of every aſſailant.

"Be prudent without the *parade* of caution; preſerve that unobſtruſive modeſty,

deſty, that at once both charms and awes; allures the virtuous, and rebukes the libertine. You are ſoon going, my dear girl, to mix in ſociety, where you will ſee and hear much that will excite your admiration; beware of giving way to firſt impreſſions; form no haſty friendſhips; let not the glare of exterior poliſh dazzle your imagination, and blind your judgment; and remember, that female reputation is like a fair ſtructure, a long time raiſing, but quickly deſtroyed.

"Guard againſt the tenderneſs of your temper; endeavour to keep in ſubjection the great ſuſceptibility you poſſeſs; its indulgence will caſt a langour o'er your

mind, that will weaken its energy, and lead you to error.

"Experience is beyond precept. If you will, as the morning is fair, accept an invitation to walk, I will introduce you to a lady who is prepared to ſee you, and whoſe ſorrows have drawn the tear of ſympathy from my eye, and I doubt not will from yours."

Emilia accepted the invitation, and Melinda led to the embowered cottage of *Anna*. It ſtood at the foot of a hill in a little copſe, which rendered it almoſt impervious to the eye of the traveller.—A ſtream of clear water ran nearly round

it,

it, which proceeded from the meeting of ſeveral ſprings, that iſſued from the hill behind it. The weeping willow, and mournful cypreſs marked the ſpot. The ivy crept in gloomy luxuriance over it—Fit abode of ſadneſs and ſolitude.

Anna met Melinda at the garden gate, who immediately introduced her daughter, whoſe intellect ſeemed lodged in her eye and ear. Anna took the hand of Emilia and preſſed it to her throbbing heart.—Utterance for a moment ſeemed denied her. Emilia felt as if before a being above this world.

Anna was an impreſſive figure, the ſilence of ſorrow was in her aſpect, and

when the claims of courtesy beamed in a faint smile from her once refulgent eye, it cast a gleam o'er it, like that seen when the sun tries to pierce the gloom of an impending cloud. Her form was perfect; her manner had the pliant ease of native elegance, superior, far superior to the studied graces of the world.—Melinda had frequently visited Anna; she tenderly enquired for her health, which was visibly declining. Emilia presented her with a small basket of strawberries, that Melinda had given her to carry for the purpose; and as she bent in graceful thankfulness on receiving them, a tear dropped on the hand of Emilia; she kissed it off.

The

The ſadneſs of recollection ſeemed to ruſh on her mind. Symphathy filled the heart of Emilia, her youth, purity, and intereſting figure, preſented to Anna's mental eye, days when ſuch ſhe was.—Alas! how changed! Conflicting feelings ſhook her frame! Melinda obſerved her ſtruggles for utterance, took Emilia's hand, and led her through the winding paths of the copſe to a bower that had been formed in the moſt ſequeſtered part of it. The thickneſs of the foliage that ſurrounded and hung over it, excluded the noon tide beam. A rough ſeat, and a table formed of planks unfaſhioned, was all the accommodation it offered.

"A Sonnet to Solitude," lay on the the table, and appeared recently written, and left unfiniſhed; writing implements were near it. Melinda took it up:—She had ſeen ſeveral little mournful pieces of Anna's writing. She read it to Emilia as they returned to the cottage.

SONNET

SONNET TO SOLITUDE.

All ſad and ſpiritleſs I ſeek thy cell,
Reflective ſolitude, ſipping the dew
That dripples from the village church-yard yew;
Or by the night owl ſcar'd, flies to ſome dreary cell.

II.

O'er arch'd by rocky cliffs where brambles creep,
Whoſe ſummit, crown'd by the diſmantled tow'r
Smiling in awful ruin, here I'll pour
My deep impaſſion'd plaint, here undiſturb'd I'll weep.

III.

The ſilence of the ſcene may give repoſe,
Tho' tranſient be the calm, but here alone
Muſing I'll brood, o'er the ſad hours I've known,
And count thoſe bleeding wounds which time can never cloſe.

Anna

Anna met them on their return, took Emilia's hand, preſſed it, and led her to the cottage—a ſimple repaſt had been prepared; Anna preſſed her friends to partake of it.

Melinda ſaw her boſom heave, and like the ſlow pauſing of the ſolemn death bell, the big tear dropped, and dropped unheeded by Anna.

Melinda wiſhed to acquit her of the voluntary promiſe ſhe had made, of relating her ſhort hiſtory to Emilia, before they left the country. She would have done ſo; but at that moment Anna, in a firm voice, ſaid,

"The

"The conflict is over, my friend. I have ſubdued the ſelfiſh feelings of my ſoul, and am prepared to relate in a few words, why I am in the bloom of youth a ſolitary, 'a drop with which no other drop dare mix itſelf;' an uſeleſs atom in the great ſcale of nature, doomed to ſadneſs.

Though, my young friend, this is the firſt time my languid eye has contemplated your form, my heart has long appreciated your virtues. Once like you, innocence harmoniſed my ſoul, joy glittered in my eye; like you, I was formed to enjoy the great diverſity, through which virtue leads her youthful votaries, gilding each ſcene with the fervid tints of hope."

The

The ſolemn ſadneſs of Anna's manner impreſſed and awed Amelia with the ſtillneſs of attention.

"To your valued mother, my young friend, I owe far—far beyond, what I can ever repay.—Chance led her to my dwelling; her elevated piety has aſſiſted to fit me for the awful change I feel gradually approaching.

"She has often beguiled grief of its pang, and ſorrow of its poignancy; you have ſometimes been our theme; your riſing virtues, *my* admiration—*her* happineſs. O, may may ſhe ever poſſeſs that pure *ſource*.

"She

"She tells me she is going to take you into a world, where you will excite the love of many—the admiration of all. A world, from which I am shut out! The present may be the only opportunity afforded me. Soon will these languid eyes, that now wander o'er your form blooming in health and beauty, be closed in death."

"From fatal symptoms, if I right conceive,
"This heart, Melinda, has not long to mourn;
"This voice to murmur; nor this breast to heave."

"Listen and avoid the errors of *Anna*."

ANNA.

ANNA.

"YE gentle and virtuous ſpirits, ye who I know are rigid interpreters of your own actions only, who never hold the pencil of ſpleen or prudery; whoſe hearts beat with reſponſive pity for the erring, if miſerable: ye I addreſs; ye will grieve over, more than cenſure the errors of Anna; and in the meltings of compaſſion, ye will lift your virtuous hearts to the God of mercy, and pray that he will pardon ANNA.

"Bright as a ſummer morn was my opening day! But, alas! ere little more

more than three luſtres had paſſed over my head—my ſun was ſet in tears.

" Hiſtorical minuteneſs is unneceſſary; my father was a naval officer, a brave one, but merit does not always meet reward. He had riſen only to the rank of a lieutenant when he fell; glorioufly fell, fighting for his country, at the age of forty.

" The union of my parents was of affection. Riches they had not. They had more. They had a congeniality of ſoul, that cheered every hour they were together, with the radiance of affection. In the ſecond year of their marriage I was born; the idol of their hearts; the centre of their wiſhes. My mother was

a woman of ſuperior talents, and from the earlieſt dawn of my reaſon to the ſad moment that my father fell, ſhe progreſſively opened my mind for the reception of knowledge and virtue. At that fatal period we lived in a cottage beautifully ſituated in a vale.

O! never to be forgotten abode of peace and virtue!—Innocent as the gay birds that ſung me to repoſe, content and careleſs of to-morrow's fate, I laid down to reſt and awoke to joy—days of felicity never to return!—I poſſeſſed then the beſt gift nature beſtows on her children;—a chearful and innocent heart. If the Sun ſhone, I ſported in its beams; if the ſtorm came, I ſkipped gaily along; and by the ſocial fire ſide forgot the tempeſt without.

It

" It was in the month of May, I left my mother engaged in domeſtic concerns, to walk to a cottage near, to ſee a poor old woman, who each day ſhared our temperate meal: She was confined, from paralytic affections. I always carried it; and many happy hours did paſs by her bedſide, performing thoſe ſmall cordialities that ſoothe the hour of pain, and gently ſlope the downward path of age: And often ſhe would aſk me to chear her with a ſong; and to reward me would give me her bleſſing.

" Memory, I now ſtart at thy terrific mirror."—On my return this day to our cottage, I ſaw a lady ſitting in the room with my mother, who on my coming did

not, as uſual, greet me with her affectionate enquiries. My heart was ſeized with the moſt tender alarm: I looked at the lady (whom I then perceived was an old and dear friend of my mother) for information—ſhe was weeping. I ſat down by my mother, kiſſed her, called on her dear name; entreated her to ſpeak to me; alas! ſhe replied not—but looked like the ſtatue of deſpair.

A letter lay on the floor by her, to which Clarinda (the lady I have mentioned) pointed. I took it:—the words "he died, bleſſing his wife and child," met my eye.—"Almighty God!" I exclaimed, "my father!" 'Till that moment ſorrow had

had never pervaded my heart: it came then in too full a tide, and overwhelmed me.

When I recovered, I enquired for—I flew to my mother. Heavenly father! what was the anguiſh of that hour! She was unconſcious of my preſence; Reaſon, affrighted at the onward proſpect, was ſhook from her ſeat, and left her mind a melancholy chaos. She never ſhed a tear; not all the ſoothing attentions of Clarinda; nor all the medical means afterwards purſued, rouſed her.

Often, in the touching language of youthful ſorrow and affection, I talked to her of my father; repeated his dying admonition to her; told her he deſired, as a

proof she loved him living, she would bear his death with fortitude, and live to guard the bond of union still existing between them in his child;—but in vain—nothing animated her, and she gradually sunk into an almost total state of insensibility to every thing around her: I was the only object she seemed to recollect: She would frequently pronounce my name, *Anna, Anna*, in a voice of melancholy.

Clarinda was unmarried, and possessed a disposition replete with all those cordial affections that wind themselves round the heart, and impel to esteem and admiration. Her conversation was engaging, her ideas elevated; but she knew little of what is called the world, and was therefore unprepared

prepared to combat its deceptions. She proved her ſtrong attachment to my mother, by arranging her affairs, and ſettling herſelf in our cottage, to aſſiſt in taking care of my mother, and protecting me.

Books, of which we had ſtore, and the converſation of Clarinda, aided by time, the qualifier of all woe, ſoftened my ſorrows. My dear mother did not appear to ſuffer any pain; and while I was with her, happy; but if I left her, though ſhe would utter no complaint, ſhe was reſtleſs and uneaſy.

I generally read aloud the greater part of the morning, which ſhe appeared to like, and in the evening we walked; and

often Clarinda, eminently qualified, would expatiate on the wonders of the creation. "Examine but a blade of graſs, my dear Anna," ſhe would ſay; "view its poliſhed ſurface through a microſcope, and compare it with the moſt perfect work of art, you will diſcover in it the hand of infinite power, compleat, from the herb we cruſh under our feet, to the great orb that animates the whole."

How did my young heart glow with admiration and gratitude to the great Diſpoſer. A pupil of Nature, I had never ſeen the world; bred in the boſom of retirement: I was a ſtranger to deception; my feelings exquiſitely alive to joy, my heart embraced all human nature. My dear mother conſidered

it improper to fill the mind, at too early an age, with tales of human depravity:—I knew our nature was erring;—but I conſidered the practice of thoſe vices, of which I heard, to proceed only from a want of early inſtruction; and when by chance a tale of village deception met my ear, I would lament with the pathos of feeling, that any ſhould be deprived of the advantages I enjoyed.

Poliſhed depravity I had no conception of; judging knowledge to be the barrier between vice and virtue. My ſoul was naturally inclined to court her beatific preſence: A ſweet enchantment hung o'er my ſenſes, when my lively imagination wandered beyond the circle I moved in. I

pourtrayed

pourtrayed ſcenes of delight in the world, which the original would not have equalled. I then held the pencil of nature, unſoiled by the dark tints of ſuſpicion; and if in my viſionary landſcape I ventured to draw a being of the other ſex, with whom my heart could aſſimulate, I gave him all the virtues of my father. He was my ſtandard of perfection: his tenderneſs, his benevolence, his honour that ſtarted at the ſlighteſt deviation from thoſe immutable principles that conſtitute the man, and without which he ſinks beneath the animal, over whom their poſſeſſion alone has given him pre-eminence; and when imagination had completed her excurſion, and I returned to real ſcenes, I felt an inanity of

of heart that diffuſed a gloom over my hours.

It may ſeem, my young friend, counſel calculated to ſtop the tide of youthful joy in the heart, and perhaps you may conſider it only the reſult of individual misfortune; but mature reflection points to caution.—Check the flights of imagination; allow her not to take the lead of reaſon:—the latter is not always in haſte to follow, but ſometimes allows her to proceed alone; and the ſcenes ſhe will then draw, the expectations ſhe will give birth to, are never realiſed in the calm and virtuous path of life: her colours are too glaring; ſhe verges too near ſenſuality in her wanderings.

Fatal

Fatal experience teaches me, that an intemperate indulgence of imagination (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) vitiated my heart, and prepared it for the reception of that which has clouded my days with ſorrow.

At this period I was little more than ſeventeen, and this faded form blooming and fair, when I became known to a character, whoſe real name ſhall be concealed under that of Beaumont. He reſided at a ſhort diſtance from our dwelling, and previous to his introducing himſelf to Clarinda, he often met us in our walks.

One day he paſſed us as my mother was eating a nectarine: I obſerved he always regarded

regarded her with a look of reſpectful compaſſion. The ſame eve a ſervant brought a baſket, filled with ſeveral kinds of fruit, with a note to Clarinda, which, in reſpectful terms, begged her acceptance of them for my mother; and hoping, if he called as a neighbour, feeling for the affecting ſituation of her friend, ſhe would allow him the privilege of neighbourhood.

Clarinda received the fruits, returned her thanks, and accepted his offered acquaintance. His name ſtood high as a man of benevolence, in the vicinity of our cottage. My mother was fond of fruit—to gratify her was joy.

Clarinda

Clarinda did not, perhaps, act with the caution a mind better read in the world would have done: She had walked in the unambitious path, and escaped the deceptive one.

I longed for his promised visit: to thank him—to pour into his ear the tribute of my heart in grateful expression. 'Twas then an offering acceptable to divinity!—Alas! it was immolated on the altar of vice! O villain! specious villain! to make that sacred emanation of divine nature a mask to deceive!

Pardon, my young friend, the energy of my expression; though years have rolled over my head, darkened by sorrow, and embittered

embittered by the burning tears of remorſe, they have not weakened my feelings, when reminiſcence preſents the fatal period, that robbed my youth of its charm, and my breaſt of peace.

The next day he called; how my heart glowed at the ſight of him. He entered into chat with Clarinda, (in which I ſometimes joined) with the affability and frankneſs of an old friend; and as he enquired into the ſad cauſe of my dear mother's affecting ſituation, he would caſt ſuch looks of tender pity on her emaciated form and inſenſible countenance, and then turn his tearful eye on me, whoſe lucid beam, alas! too ſoon entered my heart.

He

He was formed in nature's moſt perfect mould: his eye ſhot forth the living ray of intellect: his manners were unobtruſive and tender, calculated to lull the ſuſpicion of age, and animate credulous youth:—his converſe poliſhed to brilliancy: his knowledge univerſal; alas! too univerſal, too deep read in deception: He knew how to throw virtue off her guard, even at the moment ſhe thought herſelf ſecure.

From that day, he uſually called twice or thrice a week; and often met us in our walks on thoſe days he did not viſit us.—He ſent freſh fruits from his hot houſe daily, and variety of other delicacies that he profeſſed to offer as gratifications to my dear mother.

Oh!

Oh! the deceiver! he was induſtrious to raiſe gratitude in our hearts, that ſweet emotion of the ſoul; and he predicted, in ſuch hearts as Clarinda's and mine, confidence would follow. Too true, it did;—to me his conduct had that touching delicacy, which opened my heart to repoſe on him.

He diſcovered my viſits to the aged invalid I have mentioned; he would accompany me; he would adminiſter to her wants; he fed, he cloathed, he comforted her; he rendered my viſits to her a luxury to my heart unfelt before.

His tender and minute attentions to my mother, aided the deception he meditated.

He would oft, in language moſt pathetic, lament her affecting ſituation; and then the ſacred drop (as I thought) of compaſſion would fall from his eye on my hand, and thrill through my heart as he preſſed it. O credulous girl that I was!

He would often ſpeak of my tender attention to my mother in terms of delicate approbation; aſk me queſtions of my dear father; enter into the enthuſiaſm of my heart in his praiſe; adapt his language to mine, which was then energetic and glowing, the pure and uncorrupted language of nature. If a tale of ſorrow was told, he would heave the reſponſive ſigh of pity.

I had

I had an eager thirſt for knowledge: he gratified it; explained to me the wonders of the ſtarry heavens: my receptive heart caught rapture from him as he dwelt on the heavenly theme. Guilty wretch! It was not the great ſource thou worſhipped; but the deluding Beaumont.

I was not ſenſible of relaxing in my dutiful attentions to my mother or my friend; but I felt that my wiſhes converged, like eternity, to a ſingle *point*, and that point was him. I examined not my feelings: they were admiration, gratitude. I thought not of paſſion; I knew not the danger of that ſubtle poiſon that was inſinuating itſelf into my ſoul, and deſtroying every better affection. The tide of tenderneſs

that flowed round my heart needed reſtraint: Alas! the affectionate voice that would have directed its courſe was ſilent.

Liſten, ſpotleſs fair one, to the ſad monitreſs of ſorrow; hear her warning voice with patience, and believe that pure affection gives the leſſon. Your tender ſympathy ſoothes her grief; but guard againſt a too great ſuſceptibility of heart. "The ſenſibility that gives a touching delicacy and grace to your manners, renders you an attracting and intereſting object; but experience will one day tell you, it is more a charm than a virtue."

Inure yourſelf to habits of ſelf-command; the female mind is felicitouſly formed

med for the exercise of every humane and endearing virtue; but a yielding tenderness of temper puts them in danger of becoming susceptible of impressions that lead to error.—I am a sad memento.

What a system of hopes, desires and expectations, was by me swept away at once, and nothing left but a bottomless vacuity, which a life extended to the final dissolution of matter can never repair.

Time fled on its swiftest wing: he saw he had wrapt himself round my heart, by the semblance of virtue;—he then told his tale of love!—I listened, and was undone.!—Oh horror! I left the sacred roof

of my mother and my friend, and fled—to pollution!

The morning came! The charms of life had taken flight with the firſt rays of recollection. Innocence was gone—indignation ſupplied its place in my heart.—In a voice rendered terrible by inſulted virtue, I bade my deſtroyer be gone from my preſence! The deluſion was o'er; and that if it pleaſed heaven, in its anger, to chaſten me with pain, poverty and contempt, I would quit him, and never accept his aid. He beſeeched, he knelt, he implored, he offered inſtantly to make me his wedded wife.

No!

No! no! the temple that virtue had erected in my heart he had polluted! and ſhould I take the pollution there? Years of penitence only could wipe it off, and even then its beauty would be defaced.—The mirror that uſed to reflect her heavenly countenance, was dimmed: She ſtood in the far, far diſtant perſpective, and could only be lured again to her dwelling, by a life of penitence and ſolitude!

He wreathed with agony! He would expire in my preſence!—I beheld all with firmneſs, without feeling. Had nature at that moment ſuffered a wreck, I only preſerved, I ſhould have looked on unappalled. The ſtorm he had raiſed in my ſoul, he could not quell.

My heart ſeemed petrified, impenetrable to every feeling but indignation againſt my deſtroyer. The miſt of paſſion was diſſolved; the dreadful futurity appeared, and preſented, methought, the emaciated form of my *mother* reſtored to the *agony* of *ſenſe*, lamenting her loſt child; myſelf an outcaſt, whom the really virtuous would *pity*, but avoid;—the ſeemingly ſo, ſcorn, and precipitate ſtill farther into the gulf of infamy, by ſhutting the door of mercy againſt me."

Anna pauſed.—As recollection yielded her ſtores, her emotions evidently increaſed. —after a few moments ſhe continued.

"Oh!

"Oh! the anguiſh of a ſoul diſſatisfied with itſelf. The inſtant he left the room, I remember being ſenſible of a ſort of eddy in my brain that confuſed me: Horror diſtended it; its tone was loſt; all became chaotic darkneſs. The ſun ran his annual courſe, and found me inſenſible to his animating ray—happy inſenſibility!

"In the 15th month after the fatal morn, reminiſcence began to dawn o'er my benighted mind. It was on a morn, after a night's uninterrupted ſleep, I opened my eyes, and felt as if awakened from a confuſed dream. I looked around and perceived I was lying in an elegant bed, the curtains of which were cloſe drawn; I feared to open them, I feared almoſt to

breathe

breathe. I tried to collect my thoughts; recollection became too rapid for me. I felt my head throb responsively with my heart; I pressed my hands against my forehead: In that attitude nature sought the quietude of natural rest; my heavenly father granted it;—I awoke calmer.

"I then heard a gentle movement in the room. I put aside the curtain, and saw a well looking elderly woman, who on observing me, started, and then came cautiously to my bed side, and in a voice melodised by kindness, asked me how I did.—I spoke of my confusion, and begged an explanation of what I saw. She intreated me to compose myself; and told me, as I had been ill, a very able and amiable

able phyſician had attended me, who was now in the houſe, and ſhe would call him. I did not oppoſe her; I felt the leaſt mental exertion affect me.

"In a few minutes a venerable looking man came to my bed ſide, and with an affectionate and reſpectful freedom, took my hand, felt my pulſe, and told me he was rejoiced to ſee me better; and then on obſerving me look apprehenſively round the room, and to the door as it opened, he ſaid, 'compoſe yourſelf, my dear *child*, nobody ſhall intrude on you.'

"At the tender name of *child*, Nature ruſhed into my heart, and diſſolved my hitherto parched brain—*I wept*—the phyſician

ſician ſat ſilent. When the guſh that complicated feelings made to flow impetuouſly from my heart ceaſed, I became more collected. and anxiouſly deſired to know by whom I was thus accommodated. He earneſtly beſought me to defer an explanation for a ſhort time, aſſuring me all that I deſired ſhould be complied with as ſoon as his duty, as guardian of my health, would permit him.

" I felt the neceſſity of compliance ;— every effort back glancing memory made, threatened me with a return to darkneſs ; her mirror was too clear ; reflected events more diſtinct than my weakened brain could endure. I became paſſive, my kind guardian watching every change in me with the

the tenderneſs of a fond parent. He had aſſured me, I ſhould ſee none but himſelf and female attendant; this aſſiſted to calm me, before which, I ſtarted every time the door opened, fearing who ſhould enter.

"In a ſhort time my nerves became ſtronger, and the phyſician, yielding to my entreaties, told me, that on the eventful morn I alluded to, I was ſeized with a frenzy fever, that had kept me, as it were, between life and death for ſome weeks, during which he had attended me. That as the fever decreaſed, a degree of bodily ſtrength and appetite returned; but my mind ſunk into a ſtate of inaction *inſenſible* to the *paſt*, *unintereſted* in the *preſent*, *unapprehenſive* of the future. That as

ſoon

ſoon as my ſtrength had permitted, I had been conſigned to his care, as a ſacred depoſit.

" Precious as the ruddy drops that warmed the heart of him who conſigned me, and who was ready to repair as far as was in his power the calamities I had endured. How anxiouſly have I watched and hoped, my dear young lady, for this moment of returning conſciouſneſs. How grateful I am to the Almighty for it. Do not, my dear child, revert to the paſt, look forward to brighter proſpects. I could ſay ſomething for the abſent. May I plead for the penitent?" " Spare me, I intreat you, Sir. I forgive *all* but myſelf."

" I have

"I've done, my child, my commiſſion is bounded by your wiſhes, and *them* only. For your temporal comforts ample proviſion is made. Command me in any way you pleaſe. Make your own conditions."

He waited my reply, "I thank you, my kind guardian, for your humanity to the poor forlorn idiot; for your delicate attention ſince reaſon has reſumed her ſeat. My reſolves are fixed to a certain point, beyond which I look not at preſent. I can accept nothing. O, heavenly Father, thou haſt ſaid the wages of ſin are death! I will wait with humility thy awful award! The ſmall ſum I poſſeſſed when I quitted the ſacred abode of affection

tion

tion and friendſhip I wiſh to receive; if a little more is neceſſary to the accompliſhment of my intentions, I will thankfully receive it from your benevolence.

"What you pleaſe to receive is yours, my child."

He ſaid no more, he ſaw he had touched a ſtring that jarred. I had determined to ſeek the abode I had wandered from—take one ſad lingering look at it, catch a ſight of my loved mother and her friend, in ſecret if poſſible. Their full preſence I thought I could not have borne. All expectation and hope concentrated there, I could form no reſolve beyond it; perhaps,

perhaps, in the deepeſt receſs of my ſoul the hope of forgiveneſs was foſtered.

" I left my friend, whoſe heart was too full for expreſſion; he led me to the carriage at my requeſt, he had procured for me. He kiſſed my hand, preſſed it to his aged and affectionate breaſt."

" We ſhall again meet, my dear child," ſaid he, " in the world of love. Adieu. Peace be with thee."

" I could not ſpeak, but I *felt*—the carriage drove off.—The day was declining as I entered the vale where our cottage ſtood. Almighty God, *thou* knoweſt and *thou* only, what were my ſenſations! Lan-

guage is insufficient to express the complex feelings of my soul. I left the carriage at the entrance of the village, and proceeded with a slow step, dreading whom I might meet. Several villagers passed me, whose happy countenances I recollected; they looked at me with an enquiring eye and passed on, none knew me; no smile welcomed; no voice greeted me. I drew near the cottage of my poor old pensioner. A stranger stood at the door; it pierced my heart; I stood a few moments looking at the house, then ventured to ask the woman how old Mary was?"

"She is dead, Miss."

"I felt

"I felt I was her deſtroyer; I aſked leave to ſit down in the cot. My trembling limbs refuſed to ſuſtain me, I entered; all was changed. I aſked no queſtions. I feared to hear; I thought of my dear mother, and my friend; but I could not pronounce their names. I felt the agony of ſuſpence. I claſped my hands againſt my heaving breaſt; the cottager looked alarmed; I preſſed her hand in ſilence, bent to her in thankfulneſs, and left the cottage.

Night drew on; the moon was riſing; a ſolemn ſtillneſs reigned, interrupted only by the village clock, which ſtruck ſeven. It was an autumnal evening, I walked ſlowly on. What cowards doth guilt make of us! I endeavoured to arm my mind

with reſolution to bear what might follow; ſomething dreadful ſeemed impending o'er my head; I had incurred the Almighty's anger; his chaſtening rod hung over me! I tried to elevate my ſoul in ſilent prayer—I could not: a more than chaotic ſilence reigned within me. I wiſhed to weep—my brain was again dried up.

"At length I reached the garden gate; a female came out with a veſſel to fetch water; ſhe looked at me and paſſed on—the houſe door ſtood open. Nature in my heart bore down every other ſenſation, and with frantic energy I exclaimed, "I will go unto my mother, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and in thy ſight." I entered; all was ſtill vacant: the fire burnt briſkly,

but

but not to chear *me*; though ſcarcely able to ſtand, I dared not ſit; I was an alienated being—a ſelf exile from the dwelling of peace—I ſcarcely breathed. I hearkened, but no affectionate voice welcomed me: At length I heard a footſtep on the ſtairs, and the old ſervant who had lived with us from my birth, appeared. She gazed a moment on my face; ſhe fell on her knees, and thanked God for reſtoring me to her."

'It is my Anna,' ſaid the affectionate creature, 'but how changed!' I ſcarcely noticed her, but inſtantly aſked for my mother, for Clarinda, in a hurried and tremulous accent. Almighty Father!—there is another and a better world!

their pure ſpirits had fled to the bleſſed abode of the righteous! What an iteration of anguiſh! I heard a tale of ſorrow, of which I was the fatal cauſe!

"My dear mother mourned the ingrate that pierced the deep receſs where the only ray of recollection remained, and which kindled a ſtronger light, to ſearch for her whoſe image it had cheriſhed; ſhe drooped a ſhort time, and then ſunk to reſt: Clarinda ſoon followed her friend, walking and attending her after my departure, formed her all of temporal enjoyment—the ſource gone, the ſpring that ſuſtained her ſpirits ſnapped: Sorrow for my loſs became renewed with accuminated feelings—ſhe wanted an object to be kind to: She often

often accuſed herſelf as the cauſe of my deviation; ſhe blamed her credulity and want of caution. Alas! dear ſaint, you thought him an almoſt beatific ſpirit—*I only* am the ſinner: I lent my ear to his inſidious tale, and was driven for ever from the paradiſe of peace.

"She made every effort to diſcover my abode, till it was reported I had left the kingdom; there ended her enquiries. When ſhe felt her tranſlation from this life approaching, ſhe received Mary's promiſe that ſhe would not quit the cottage 'till ſhe ſaw or heard from me. 'Her heart is not formed for vice,' ſaid Clarinda, 'ſhe will return; in ſuch a dwelling it cannot fix; virtue will again lighten her

days. Could I see her once more to bless and comfort her, I should resign this world without a pang.' Look down, dear Saint, from the blest abode, on the weary wanderer; thou didst forgive her 'ere thy spirit left its earthly bondage. View her chastened heart purified, (she hopes,) by penitence, and that now looks forward through hope, a visto to the skies.

"I enquired for the sacred remains of my mother, and my friend; in life they were united—in death not divided. 'Ere I rested my weary limbs, I bent in sorrow, and shed the tear of penitence on their graves.

"I will

"I will not increaſe your already over-charged feelings further, my dear young friend, by deſcribing the painful energy of mine while I remained at the cottage. My ſtrength decayed—my grief bore heavy on my mind: I became, in appearance, only the ſhadow of myſelf.

"Clarinda had left the clergyman of the village my guardian; he viſited me—conſoled me—was my adviſer—my father, and my friend: He inſiſted on my quitting the ſcenes of my former happineſs. By his arrangements I became poſſeſſed of this retreat; I have aſſiſted nature in forming it to ſuit the ſad tenor of my ſoul; its gloom ſoothes me: I retire to the rude

ſeat

ſent in the copſe, and 'muſe o'er the ſad hours I have known."

"He conſtituted the clergyman here my comforter, and well he has endeavoured to perform the office: To his conſolations and inſtructions in my duty, I owe the partial calm I enjoyed when you, my dear Melinda, firſt entered my humble dwelling. You have increaſed it; you *feel*, *feeling* can embelliſh, can ſoften the aſperity of morals, and give charms to leſſons of wiſdom; through ſuch a medium it inſinuates itſelf into the heart, meliorates, and amends it.

Since my reſidence here, through the good clergyman of this village, I have ſeveral

veral times heard of my friend (for such I call him) the phyſician;—his humanity I can never forget. I have received hints, the explanation of which I have forbidden. No! could Beaumont offer me a crown, I would refuſe it, and the poſſeſſor. What! riot in pleaſure o'er the grave of my mother and my friend!—a grave to which my deſertion precipitated them! No! it is now two months ſince, by letter, I took my leave *for ever* of the kind phyſician: In it I expreſſed all my wiſhes, and have received his aſſurance that my woes ſhall not be increaſed by the intruſion of him, whoſe ſight I wiſh anxiouſly to avoid.

I live here uninterrupted; the villagers from the gloom of my look, and that of my

my abode, ſhun me. Mary is with me and my friend; ſhe is far advanced in the vale of years, and as ſhe ſees me ſinking, ſhe prays to the God of mercy, that ſhe may live to cloſe my eyes, and then join me in that world I am preparing for.—I ſee I have deeply oppreſſed your ſpirits, my friend; your tearful eye denotes your ſympathy; receive the thanks of a wounded heart, for the ſolace the idea imparts, that there are beings in the world who feel for the ſelf-exiled Anna. And——

"If you have a friend whoſe honour is dear to you, tell her my ſad tale; may it make the impreſſion I wiſh; may inexperience learn from it to beware of the ſeducing tongue of flattery; fly—fly from the

the deluſive tale of the flagitious; and believe the monitreſs of truth, that when *prudence* ſuffers any *inroad*, *virtue* verges to decline."

Thus ended Anna.

The impreſſion her relation made on the mind of Emilia and her mother, was ſolemn and intenſe; they thought Anna elevated above common conſolation; they offered none; all ſeemed more to meditate than converſe; but there was an expreſſion of tender regret in their countenance more eloquent than words; Anna underſtood it; they took a tender leave of her, and ſoon after left that part of the kingdom.

Emilia's

Emilia's mind, peculiarly receptive and reflective, in her after intercourſe with the gay world, kept Anna's early doom in view. She found many Beaumonts, ſpecious in addreſs, inſidious in deſign. Armed with the ſhield of diſcretion, as counſelled by her mother, ſhe repelled the evil intended her.

Oh! ye amiable, ye now ſmiling daughters of innocence, follow her example! Ye who enjoy the bleſſing of paternal or friendly protection, learn, from the fate of Anna, to ſet a juſt eſtimation on it; and, remember, that, "to be good is to be happy; guilt is the ſource of ſorrow."

Bleſſed

Bleſſed! thrice bleſſed is that mortal, who, from the ſmiling morn of youth, to the ſetting eve of life, can look back on his conduct without remorſe! to whoſe mind the clear mirror of memory reflects no uneaſy emotion. Reader! may that joy be thine! and when the eyes that now wander o'er theſe pages are cloſed by death, and the nerves of the hand that now writes are unſtrung, may the preſent aſſurance, that the neceſſities that urged their publication were derived from misfortune, and not from guilt, ſoften the aſperity of criticiſm.

In a few months after Melinda's laſt viſit, Anna's ſpirit fled to a purer manſion; Emilia viſited her tomb in the village

lage church-yard. As ſhe contemplated it, ſhe ſaid;

"Let the mercileſs profligate, and thoughtleſs ſpoiler of virgin purity, as they paſs this ſacred ſpot, pauſe for a moment, and reflecting on the early doom of Anna, think on the puniſhment that awaits their cruelty; let them firmly reſolve to amend their conduct; and while the heaving ſigh of repentance burſts from their lips, on recollecting the unfortunate beings; peace they have deſtroyed; aſk their own hearts, whether, if pleaſure be their aim, unſullied purity be not the ſureſt method of obtaining it.

THE

THE SOLDIERS.

IN early age Rodolpho evinced a mind noble and expanſive; and as he advanced to manhood, his faculties became ſtrong, his perception quick to admiration, his perſeverance unwearied. The combination of the qualities of his mind, with the virtues of his heart, gave promiſe of a character that would do honor to humanity; and when he arrived at that age that the balance ſeems in equilibrium, and the preponderance is to determine what rank in the world the man ſhall hold,—"he fixed his eagle glance on the ſun of honor," and entered the army.

The exterior of Rodolpho was impreſſive; his form was athletic; his features ſtrongly indicature of the firmneſs of his mind. On a firſt introduction, he did not excite that warm approbation which we often feel for mere ſuperficial characters; but when the ſocial calls of ſociety, or the tender claims of benevolence rouſed his attention, his features relaxed into the ſuavity of ſenſibility; and the union of a feeling heart, and a ſtrong mind in him, gave the cleareſt idea of mortal perfection.—The ardor that marked his mind, and which ſeemed to have directed his career to the temple of fame and honor, through the hoſtile plains of war—did not concentrate itſelf into the compaſs of his profeſſion.

"He

He was a warm friend; and when circumſtances pointed a ſituation where mental or bodily exertion could be uſeful, he ſtopped not to calculate the chances of ſucceſs, which too often weakens the inclination to ſerve, but kept the object conſtantly in view, as to be accompliſhed; *that* animated his purſuit, and, by perſeverance, he often levelled barriers which roſe to oppoſe his progreſs, and that appeared, on a caſual view, to be immoveable.

Benevolence in him was an active principle, that, like a pure and ſalutary ſtream, flowed downward, fertiliſing the humble vallies, while it left dry thoſe barren rocks, whoſe threatening head caſt a

frightful ſhade, and ſometimes tumbling down, involve the plain in ruin.

He was allied in a collateral branch to nobility; but his purſuits were ſo abſtracted, and his opinions on *ſome* points, ſo oppoſite to that honourable part of the community, that they looked on him as an eccentric being, and failed to pay him thoſe attentions to which his alliance and character had claim.

Rodolpho felt no reſentment at their neglect—ceremonious diſtinctions he diſpiſed; but he knew how to appreciate the value of that ſocial civility, which connects, in gentle union, *man* to *man*: he never infringed its laws; he valued merit wherever

wherever he met it, though in a thread-bare coat; while the ſtar that glittered on the breaſt, the ribband that hung from the ſhoulder, were overlooked by him, unleſs they were adorned by virtue, and then he greeted them with rapture. Young men, of his own age, fled his ſociety as a Cynic; ſome ſcrupled not to ſay the brain of Rodolpho was turned; but this was the judgment of the half-formed faculties of thoſe, who impute to frenzy or melancholy, every thing that riſes above the ordinary level of their own dullneſs.

At the time Rodolpho entered on his military career, war was raging with all its ſanguinary horrors in America, that favored and hoſpitable land, and which, tho'

deſolated, ſeems like the Pheoenix, to be ſpringing from the aſhes of its former greatneſs, and promiſes, in futurity, to be the wonder and admiration of the world.

The regiment he purchaſed into, ſoon after his commiſſion was ſigned, embarked for the ſeat of war, and Rodolpho had immediate and frequent opportunities of proving that perſonal bravery which impelled his character into a ſtronger light, and lifted it to the plenitude of humanity.

Rodolpho formed few friendſhips. The general character of military young men exhibited the bold coloring of vice, from which he turned with diſguſt; yet he had in poſſeſſion that rare gem ſo neceſſary to the

the happineſs of the man of feeling, *a friend.* Horatio Therſton, and Rodolpho, had felt that ſweet promptitude to mutual kindneſs, even in their days of infantine enjoyment, they received their education under the ſame tutor, who cultivated their felicitous diſpoſitions with judgment; and while he ſtored their heads with knowledge, taught them the duties of men and citizens, enlightened their minds, and elevated their ſouls. By blending judiciouſly amuſement with inſtruction, their ſtudies were their pleaſures, and the ſublime beauties of morality were conſpicuous in their characters, at an age, when young men, in general, whoſe education is conducted on the uſual plan, have their duty to their fellow citizens *yet* to

learn.—Aſſociating pleaſure with whatever he wiſhed his pupils to purſue, and pain with what he wiſhed them to avoid, he applied to the cultivation of the affections as well as the underſtanding, conſidering our virtues and abilities to be the offspring of education, not the ſpontaneous gift of nature.—He therefore held himſelf accountable to ſociety for the beings he faſhioned. Whether Education or Nature gives the ſtamp to the human character, may be an enquiry of more ingenuity than utility; but thus far may ſafely be advanced, that if every tutor was to act with Dr. Crawford, more frequent and more ſublime examples of virtue would reflect honor on human nature, and communicate happineſs to ſociety.

The

The attachment of the friends increaſed as their hearts expanded, and their reaſons matured; its likely, had either been put to the proof, they would have given examples of friendſhip worthy the firſt ages.

Therſton was two years older than Rodolpho; his father called him from his ſtudies to enter at the temple, to weary his mind, and entangle his principles in the intricacies of the law; but the mind of Horatio Therſton was not conſtructed for ſo laborious a ſtudy, and his opinions were *too* romantic for its practice.

When Rodolpho decided for the army, he declared his diſlike to the profeſſion, and his wiſh to join his friend.—His father

ther wifely conſidered the youth, whoſe heart glowed with martial ardor, was not likely to make a good lawyer, gave way to his wiſhes, and purchaſed him a commiſſion in the ſame regiment, and the friends commenced their military career together—their friendſhip became each day more intimate—it was formed on the unfading principles of truth and virtue.—Of all the pleaſures of which the heart of man is capable, thoſe of "friendſhip for man, and love for women," are declared to be the moſt exquiſite. The hearts of Rodolpho and Therſhon were modulated to their enjoyment—they were now in that happy ſeaſon of life, when the brilliant ſurface of their ſouls is unclouded, and ſuſceptible of every fine impreſſion. Vir-

tue

tue inflames them with a laudable enthuſiaſm, and worldly paſſions *have* not yet entangled them in their ſnares.—Their opinions were the ſpontaneous deciſions of truth—no factitious veil was thrown o'er their actions—no fear nor intereſt checked the effuſion of ſentiment—they approved with the warmth of feeling, and cenſured with the gentleneſs of mercy: they looked down with a noble independance on the faſtidious diſtinctions of the great world, and preſerved that freedom of opinion, which is the privilege of man, and the attribute of noble and enlightened minds.

Rodolpho, at the early age of twenty-two, was preſented with a captain's commiſſion by his colonel. Such rapid promotion

motion it is neceſſary to account for, as it may excite ſome wonder, that, ſo independant a ſpirit as our ſoldier, who diſregarded every diſtinction but that of merit; and who, with the promptitude of a mind, directed by the immutable principle of truth, decided an action to be virtuous or vicious, as it approached that ſtandard; whether a general, or a private ſoldier, was the actor, was not a ſubject likely to mount the ladder of military preferment with celerity.

This *phenomenon* ſhall be accounted for. There are two ſtrong motivee for ſo doing: the firſt is to ſatisfy the curioſity of the reader, which ought to be the primary concern of every relater of a tale; and

and, ſecondly, the anecdote will read well in oppoſition to the many that have paſſed under the obſervation of moſt readers, where torpidity of remeniſcence in the great and powerful, for benefits received from an inferior, has excited their indignation and regrets.

We all err from want of reflection more than want of principle, and none more than the great. In his various concerns of buſineſs and pleaſure, the great man has not time to *reflect*; he toils from the ſun's meridian ſplendor, when he lifts his unrefreſhed form from his downy couch, (harder to him than the peaſant's ſtraw bed) to its riſing glory, in purſuit of the fleeting ſhade of happineſs, and wonders, ſince

ſince he can command every luxurious appendage of life, that ſhe eludes his endeavours; he miſtakes her courſe; he conſiders happineſs to be purchaſed by the gratification of his paſſions, tho' hourly experience teaches him their tumults diſſipate her influence; yet ſo ſubtle is the magic ſpell that binds him, or ſo weak his efforts to burſt it, that he travels onward in his error to that awful period, when the world recedes, the miſt diſſolves, and he views the mundane ſcene with the perception of truth.

For a moment, ye great! 'ere that hour comes, which is not far diſtant, when the deceptions of mortality will be done away; ponder on the various links which form the great

great chain of beings, ſo dependant on each other, from the prince to the peaſant! Obſerve how many under you are toiling for your accommodation, and that the hard-earned morſel of the extreme link is ſcarcely adequate to the calls of vitality: recollect the ſcavenger who clears your path, (and whom you eſtimate on a level only with the duſt he removes) is an aſſiſtant cauſe that you enjoy uncorrupted air to breathe.—Recollect this, and be grateful to the ſublime ruling power for thus connecting the orders of ſociety, and placing you in the plenitude of fortune, removed from the experience of evils, under the preſſure of which thouſands of worthy beings have ſunk, and are ſinking.

Recollect,

Recollect, that the value of an action can only be juſtly eſtimated by its motive, and that the peaſant who performs it, has an equal claim to your gratitude, (if you are benefited by it) with a lord.—Theſe recollections will diſplay to your mental view an infinity of ſources from which happineſs may flow. Enter the chamber of ſorrow or diſeaſe, *ſhe will be with you.* Extend your hand to aſſiſt virtuous induſtry through the rugged path of poverty, ſhe will chear your heart with her radiance; defend the unfriended innocent againſt the harſh judgment of the calumniator, and ſhe *will make your heart her* TEMPLE! Theſe are never-fading ſources of happineſs; they are immortal; they will be ſet down in the records of that tribunal

bunal, before which the righteous muſt appear.

THE ANECDOTE.

COL. FAWCETTE annexed, as a neceſſary appendage to his rank, an *hauteur* that *extorted* reſpect; to ſituation as an officer it was paid, not to him.—His underſtanding was good, but pride of birth, and a total neglect of early education, when the mind is flexible, and eaſily yields to proper impreſſions, combined to render him a character more feared than loved.

He was never known to unbend or yield to the ſweet cordialities of ſentiment, which are not inconſiſtent with the valor of a ſoldier; but often give a luxury of ſenſation to the few ſocial hours the turmoil of war allows him, and adds an intereſt to his character more attractive than the men of war in general perceive, or we ſhould more frequently ſee the valor that protects the ſtate, united with the honor and virtue, that hold ſacred thoſe moral ties which conſtitute the ſociability and real happineſs of man.

Col. Fawcette and Rodolpho were characters ill adapted to each other; the one wrapt in the dark garb of reſerve and ſuſpicion, expecting an implicit devotion to his

his will, repelled the advances of cordial civility, and would rather extort attention by command, than lure it by kindneſs.

The other generous, open, truth ever hanging on his lips ready to depart, genuine as it flowed from a ſoul, kind, glowing with that bravery which precludes the commiſſion of a meanneſs, and would ſupport him equally through the incidental evils of life, as it would aſſiſt to protect the rights of his country, attracted the admiration and eſteem of the good. Colonel Fawcette was never known to acknowledge the merits of our ſoldier. Such characters are as greedy of flattery, as the weakeſt female on record; adminiſter it,

and ſuch gluttons they are, nothing is too coarſe for their digeſtion; and thoſe who want their favour muſt ſacrifice on the altar erected to their vanity.

Rodolpho never made a ſacrifice of the kind; he was no favourite of Col. Fawcette's. No motive could induce his independent mind to court the favour of a man whoſe habits were uncongenial with his own. He deſpiſed that factitious conſequence which comes reflected from an intercourſe with the *powerful*, and which is ſo much the ambition of thoſe puerile beings whoſe wiſhes announce their meanneſs.

It

It was hinted to Rodolpho that his Colonel had aſſerted his political principles to be inimical to the intereſts of the war. It came firſt to him through the medium of reſentment; he doubted its verity, and did not notice it, till, rouſed by a perſonal ſlight to inveſtigate the fact, he felt the peurility of the charge, and that his actions contradicted the aſſertion: But, like all well regulated minds, he knew what was due to his character.

"The conſciouſneſs of innate integrity," ſaid Rodolpho, to his friend, "exceeds the world's applauſe, as doth the bluſh of conſcious guilt the world's reproach. But a ſoldier muſt not be ſatisfied with this alone; he muſt, like Cæſar's

wiſe, not even be ſuſpected. Give obloquy a corner ſtone only, and it will rear a ſuperſtructure that ſhall reach the ſkies. I muſt come to an explanation with the Colonel: Men of true courage and wiſdom, whoſe reſolves are the reſult of calm and judicious reflection, never ſpend themſelves in words, but wait the moment of action, when they can prove themſelves to be what they profeſs."

He mentioned his intention to his friend Therſton alone, who appproved the reſolve, and offered to attend him to the Colonel the next morning.

At this period the regiment, with ſome others, were encamped on the banks of the Dela-

Delaware. It happened that Rodolpho was the officer of the picquet guard for the night: When all were retired to reſt, he paced the ſtreets of the camp, gazed, with admiration, on the light of the moon, which, near the full, was riſing in all her ſplendor; and as he contemplated her, his imagination ranged through the wondrous ſyſtem of the ſpheres. Every planet whoſe refulgence penetrated the clear ether, elevated his ſoul, ſublimated the groſſer feelings of ſenſe, lulled every diſcordant paſſion to reſt, and infuſed a harmony into his ſpirits congenial with itſelf.

As he turned an angle of a ſtreet of the camp, which gave him a ſight of the Colonel's marque, he obſerved a gentle

ſmoke to proceed from it. With the velocity of lightening he ran to it, cut down the walls of the tents with his ſword, and diſcovered the Colonel in a ſtate of torpidity, the furniture of his bed on fire, the flames of which in a few moments would inevitably have reached him. Rodolpho inſtantly took the Colonel in his arms, and carried him into the air.

The guard had come on the firſt alarm; and after ſeeing the Colonel taken care of, who remained a ſhort time inſenſible, and levelling the marque to the ground, Rodolpho returned to his poſt with an exhileration of heart that ſucceeds the performance of a duty, and renewed his contemplation on thoſe objects of nature

which

which give ſo ſacred a pleaſure to the human ſoul.

How evaneſcent in a noble mind are the ſhades of reſentment! how rapid their diſperſion, when the object who excited them by the concourſe of events calls on our ſenſibility for aid! Then it is man diſplays himſelf to be the connecting link with angels, and his ſoul an emanating ſpark from divinity.

When Col. Fawcette recovered, and was informed that Rodolpho delivered him from the flames, his ſenſations were not the moſt pleaſant. The man to whoſe exertions he was now indebted for exiſtence, he had that very day attempted to injure.

injure. Perhaps among all the ſtores of mental ſenſation there is not one more painful than that the Colonel felt at the intelligence: The conſciouſneſs that he did not merit it, made him diſſatisfied with himſelf, and the novelty of *this* feeling employed for ſome hours his reflection to account for. The voice of truth reaches the men of wealth and power leſs frequently than that of adulation, and they cannot ſo well judge of themſelves as thoſe whoſe leſs fortunate ſituation charms not the ſyren flattery.

Whatever might be the Colonel's convictions, he walked the next day to Rodolpho's tent before the uſual hour of meeting. Therſton was ſitting with our ſoldier

ſoldier when he entered. After the firſt ſalutation was ended, "I am come," ſaid the Colonel, "to thank you for my life; it is an obligation beyond my power of return, but believe I ſhall endeavour to prove I am grateful."

There was ſuch cold formality in this addreſs, that the feeling congratulations Rodolpho's heart was ready to offer, were checked ere they reached his lips; and he replied, with the ſame collected coolneſs, "The accidental ſervice I rendered you, Colonel, you owe to the natural impulſe in the heart of man when he ſees a fellow creature in danger, from which he can relieve him. At ſuch a moment, who is it that pauſes to conſider whether it be a

friend

friend or an enemy, a lord or a peasant? Nature knows no distinctions; her first promptitude is to assist, and the man that stops to deliberate when his exertions can be useful, disgraces the species to which he belongs. My conduct is regulated by a plain rule, to do that to another I would wish to be done unto, which brings all the reward I ask—the approbation of my own heart. I rejoice in your safety, and request you to forget you were ever in danger."

"You are generous," said the Colonel, "and I will be grateful."

Rodolpho deferred his intention of calling on Col. F. for an explanation of the

the ambiguous hints that he had thrown out on his principles.

"At this moment," ſaid he to his friend Therſton, "the Colonel's mind is ſoftened by the idea of an obligation; he may yield to the influence of gratitude, and not to a conviction of the injuſtice he has done me, and the ſhade caſt on my character will only experience a temporary removal, to return with increaſed darkneſs. I will wait the moment when he will again be himſelf."

There was a certain refinement of honour in this conduct of our ſoldiers that men of correct principles will appreciate, but

but Rodolpho's moral ideas were beyond

" The fix'd and ſettled rules
" Of vice and virtue in the ſchools."

They adapted themſelves to many nice circumſtances which expreſs laws cannot reach.

There is certainly ſuch a thing as original truth, coeval with eternity, part of the eſſence of divinity, not an ordained law. This is that charming idea which the mind of man contemplates with ſo much philoſophic rapture: This primitive reaſon is the great criterion that guides noble and unenſlaved minds when their motives are beyond the limits of general perception,

perception, and are therefore deemed eccentric.

A few days after the incident related, Rodolpho received an invitation to a dinner Col. F. gave to some field officers of the camp. It was a marked distinction—no other subaltern was invited, here he again renewed his thanks to Rodolpho, and his assurance of serving him in future.

"The opportunity chance afforded me of serving you, Colonel," rejoined our soldier, "is not a proof that I *merit* the return you allude to. If you love your country, you will not prefer the man of whose principles you have any doubt, because

cauſe you may arm an enemy, nor will you tax it with the reward you may think due for a perſonal ſervice received.—The preſent ſeems a proper opportunity of *demanding* upon what knowledge you have ventured to affirm my 'principles inimical to the true intereſts of my country."

The Colonel, after a ſhort ſilence, extended his hand to Rodolpho; "Let us conſign," ſaid he, "the paſt to oblivion. I have, perhaps, looked through the eye of prejudice;" and, taking his glaſs, drank to their better knowledge of each other.

Rodolpho emptied his, and continued: "*I wiſh* to be known, Colonel; it is evident

evident you *do not know* me: However warm your heart may glow with patriotic zeal for your country's rights, mine beats with reſponſive heat; but while I aſſiſt to maintain its power and privileges, I wiſh to keep in view, alſo, its moral honour. We came not here to make war againſt the purity of the virgin, nor the decrepitude of age; but to combat with men our equals in ſtrength and valour. I have witneſſed licentiouſneſs; I have endeavoured to repreſs it, and have uniformly declared my abhorrence of it; and, in ſo doing, truth tells me I have ſupported the dignity of an enlightened nation, whoſe name is more ennobled by its honour and mercy, than its power. You are a judge, Colonel; you have ſeen me in danger; had my arm been

unnerved by diſaffection or cowardice, ſhould I have pierced into the thickeſt of the battle—have plucked the ſtandard from the foe? At this table we are equals: A ſhade by your declarations is caſt o'er my character. I demand a proof of your late aſſertion, or an acknowledgment of your error.

"The evening before your marque took fire, I had reſolved to addreſs you the next morning on the preſent ſubject: I did not. You, perhaps, *feel* my motive for the delay. In the preſence of theſe gentlemen, men of honour, your friends, competent judges of what is due to the character of a ſoldier, I *require* of you my good name, or an appointment to defend it

in the way my honour demands." Rodolpho waited a reply.

The ſuggeſtious of that inward monitor which power cannot ſilence, nor wealth bribe, impelled a *ſilent* acknowledgment of injuſtice, and at that moment the Colonel was thankful its voice was audible to no ear but its own. Such is the magic of virtue, that the contemplation of its exerciſe impels to admiration even thoſe whoſe actions are not the reſult of its influence.

Col. Fawcette envied Rodolpho that ſunſhine of the mind that illumined his countenance: The liberality of his conduct, and the poliſhed eaſe of his manners, produced a dereliction in his favour, and he

was generally received with that intereſt ever attendant on a cultivated mind.

Colonel F. had erected his conſequence on extrinſic circumſtances; with ſenſe enough to diſcover that to *their* influence he owed the reſpect he received, he had not energy enough to exchange the evaneſcent pleaſure which flattery yields, for the friendſhip of thoſe whoſe honeſt hearts diſdained that puerile ſubterfuge to court his favor.

He meditated, with the bitterneſs of envy, on the qualities of Rodolpho's heart; they were, in ſo young a man, a tacit reproach to his deficiencies. The influence of envy is ſupreme; it limits the efforts, and

and checks the flights of human nature; often hurries the mind that is its victim, into the commiſſion of deeds, that, in its firſt approaches, it would have ſhrunk from the idea of.

From this malign ſource ſprung the Colonel's diſlike of Rodolpho; and which was perhaps ſtrengthened by the recollection that he had often given an example of licentiouſneſs, that ſanctioned the ſoldiery to commit the moſt daring outrages, which Rodolpho had ſpoken of with a freedom of ſpirit not to be repulſed by any ſelfiſh conſideration.

After receiving ſo ſignal a ſervice, common ſenſe directed the Colonel, that the-

conceſſion of a gentleman was the conduct honor pointed to, and ſelf-love whiſpered, that it was alſo the moſt politic. Public inveſtigation he ſhrunk from; ſcenes might be unfolded, that would impel his character into a ſtronger ſhade; the pauſe of a moment allowed theſe reflections, and, in return to Rodolpho's demand, he made the conceſſion uſual on ſuch occaſions.

When he ceaſed ſpeaking, Rodolpho revolved the circumſtances that led him to his preſent ſituation, and his ſenſitive ſpirit felt unſatisfied.

"The gentleman preſent," ſaid he, "will allow that my honor requires you ſhould add, that your acknowledgment of

error

error is the impulſe of conviction, and not extorted by the gratitude you think due to me for the accidental ſervice I have rendered you." However humiliating the confeſſion, however harſh it ſounded to his heart, and repulſive to his ſpirit, the Colonel replied, "It is from an aſſurance of your loyalty, and rectitude of principle, I have made the acknowledgment;" and he ſaid true, he had never doubted it, but "envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue."

Thus was an intercourſe apparently leſs reſerved eſtabliſhed between Col. Fawcette and Rodolpho. However lacerating the idea of inferiority was to the mind of the Colonel; he was doomed to endure its con-

viction; it went to his heart, and ſat there colder than the 'aſpic's venom.'

There is no feeling more repugnant to happineſs, more lacerating to the human mind, than the conſciouſneſs of having drawn on ourſelves the diſapprobation of our fellow mortals. There is no ſenſation more in uniſon with delight, more congenial to our nature, than *their* approving voice.

The firſt experience was the bitter portion of the Colonel; the latter the animating reward of Rodolpho.

At the table of Col. Fawcette was General C. whoſe elevated ſpirit, nice honor,

and

and integrity of heart, appreciated the merit of Rodolpho's conduct; he was gratified to obſerve the minute ſenſe he had of what was due to the character of a gentleman and a ſoldier, and that he acted up to its perceptions.

At parting, he ſhook his hand with the cordiality of friendſhip, and ſaid, "Let not your future conduct, my young friend, verge from the principles you have this day exhibited, and account me your friend, and on *every* occaſion in which I can ſerve you, apply to me with freedom: your heart ſeems in the right place; I feel an inclination to know more of you."

The

The ſweet verdict of his own conſcience melodiſed the plain plaudit of the general, and rendered it doubly dear to the heart of Rodolpho. When he returned to his tent, he anticipated the pleaſure that muſt neceſſarily flow from the friendſhip of a man, whoſe experience would teach wiſdom, and his virtues excite emulation.

At this period of the war, there were continually parties ſent out to moleſt the Americans; and when the ſpies who were ſeparately diſtributed through the country, brought intelligence of a proſcribed father, who had emerged from his hiding place, and ſtolen with apprehenſive ſteps, and beating heart, to his once hoſpitable manſion, to ſnatch a few moments of luxurious

rious ſadneſs with his family, beſtow his bleſſing, and then return ſorrowful and ſolitary to his hiding place; or if the darling ſon of a widowed mother, who, before *avarice* had lit the flame of diſcord in that happy land, where urbanity, with all her ſweet cordialities welcomed the ſtranger, and when he left the ſocial board, bade God ſpeed him till his return; and was the protector of his infant brothers and ſiſters, ſtole, during the obſcurity of night, to catch a haſty bleſſing of this widowed parent; preſs her orphans to his breaſt, and promiſe to be careful of his life for their ſakes.

A party was diſpatched inſtantly to hunt the unfortunate from his retreat, as wolves

prowl

prowl for their prey, who, becauſe he would not take up arms againſt the land that nouriſhed him, was condemned to the gloom of a priſon, there to wait the award of *power*.

At this time the diſpatches from the Engliſh camp to Philadelphia, were frequently intercepted with the uſual painful conſequence to the meſſengers. It was therefore thought neceſſary to make a garriſon of the houſe of a lady, who, with her daughter, reſided midway between the Engliſh camp and the city; perhaps the ſtronger incentive, that induced the military rulers to fix on her dwelling, was the information that ſhe had often ſheltered, and concealed proſcribed characters.

While

While the benevolence of our fellow mortals interferes not with our particular intereſts, to applaud its operations ſeems the ſpontaneous effuſions of the mind; even thoſe whoſe hearts ne'er felt its genial influence, nor heaved the reſponſive ſigh of pity for the ſorrows of another, oblige their lips to pronounce its eulogium; but when its diſpenſations claſh with our intereſt, its features loſe their ſuavity, it's no longer an emanation from divinity; and the frigid, but intereſted moraliſer, pronounces it to degenerate into a pernicious vice.—It *may be* ſo—*it is*—but he only ſhall be as judge, who is not within the influence of its operations.

The above observation will not be considered out of place, when we reflect that to *house* the wanderer, the man of peace, who was falsely denominated an enemy to his country, because he would not assist to desolate it, was then considered a crime more than venial, by those frigid hearts that dilated only for the reception of self-advantage.

It was true, Mrs. Marshall had for short periods sheltered proscribed characters of both parties, English and American; and by such conduct proved her benevolence to be native, unadulterated by local prejudices or partialities; but that did not protect her from the stigma of being disaffected to the English cause. It was

convenient

convenient to make the houſe a garriſon. A ſufficient reaſon for the exerciſe of power.

We are ſhort ſighted mortals! our mental perceptions are leſs microſcopical than our bodily optics; and frequently in the circle of events, thoſe we meditate with the moſt tremulous apprehenſion for their conſequences, *finally* prove the moſt fortuitous. Mrs. Marſhall's ſubſequent experience taught her this truth.

Happily for this lady, Rodolpho and Horatio Therſton were appointed to command the troops deſtined to form the defence. Since the arrangement was inevitable, Rodolpho rejoiced that the poſt

was

was assigned him, to soften the asperity of oppression, and ameliorate the terrors of apprehension, which his commission might give birth to in the breasts of the timid, and unprotected, was an office his heart delighted to perform; and in the various situations that the concourse of events impelled him to act in, he had often by kindness chased sorrow from the oppressed heart, and by judicious liberality changed penury into *comfort*.

When one considers how small a portion from the stores of the affluent would uncloud the brow of misery, illumine it with cheerfulness, and elevate it with gratitude, one cannot help wondering there is so much misery in the world.

What

What contemplation produces a feeling ſo near ſublimity; what pleaſure can be ſo pure, ſo exquiſite, as that countenance which ſpeaks the chearfulneſs of a heart we have relieved from ſorrow. Our ſelf-love tries a thouſand experiments to procure gratification; 'tis ſtrange it does not more frequently venture on this.

In a few days Rodolpho and Therſton arrived at the houſe of Mrs. Marſhall, they found the doors open, and every appearance of confuſion through the whole. Rodolpho, who commanded the party, drew them up in the ground before the dwelling, and with Horatio proceeded to ſeek the family, to relate his commiſſion, without drawn ſwords, or pointed ba-

yonets, ſanguine appearances from which timid femality ſhrinks with affright, and in ſuch a ſituation, (though ſanctioned by cuſtom) ſurely unneceſſary to reduce them to obedience.

My readers will not be ſtruck with the novelty of the remark, that ſo much are we impreſſed by the manner of thoſe who addreſs us, that the certainty of haſtening calamity is not only ſoftened by the look of ſymphathy, the ſilent tear that from feeling hearts often precedes unwelcome intelligence, but it even reconciles us to the endurance; we are all highly ſuſceptible of the emotions of geſture, its a language more impreſſive than vocal enumeration, 'tis ſpontaneous and embodies as it were the genuine feelings of the heart.

Our

Our ſoldiers walked through the houſe without ſeeing an individual; ſome negroes that were near, fled, affrighted on their firſt approach. The friends ſtood a ſhort time liſtening to catch the ſound of a voice.—They did:—but it was the voice of *lamentation!* the ſoft, but impreſſive moan of ſorrow!

"We had better call," ſaid Rodolpho, "I fear there has been ſome dreadful proceeding here." It was evident from the yard we paſſed through that horſes had lately been there.

Horatio agreed to the opinion, they now made a noiſe, ſhook the door, and then called aloud, if they could ſpeak

with the principles of the family.—After repeating the queſtion, as they ſtood at the bottom of the ſtaircaſe, they perceived a female negro look over the baluſtrade, give a low ſhriek, and retire haſtily.

Horatio then in a clear voice intreated the negro to deſcend the ſtairs; that they were not capable of oppreſſion, but would repair the outrage they feared had been committed. He addreſſed the negro, but he hoped ſome more enlightened being would hear and underſtand him. They continued to intreat the appearance of ſome of the family; but in vain.

Rodolpho

Rodolpho remained at the bottom of the ſtaircaſe; while his friend went cautiouſly through the lower apartments, where broken furniture, and every appearance denoted that a violent outrage had been committed. The apartments were ſpacious and well furniſhed. He paſſed through one room that had been decorated with drawings, and all thoſe taſteful ornaments elegant females delight to excel in. A piano forte, a pair of globes, a range that had been filled with books, ſome of which were gone, others on the ground; the glaſſes broken, *all* told in ſtrong characters that an informed mind inhabited the houſe, and that the ſavage hand of *power* had been there.

After repeated intreaties and conſiderable time elapſing, they heard a door ſoftly open on the firſt floor, and gently cloſe again. Soon a middle aged female was ſeen looking over the railing of the ſtaircaſe.

Rodolpho perceived, and addreſſed her—"My dear madam," ſaid he, "our dreſs is hoſtile, but our intention is to relieve. Every appearance informs us you have been unworthily treated, we will redreſs as far as in our power the injuries you have ſuſtained. We are not come to make war againſt unprotected females. Confide in us, madam."

As

As Rodolpho cloſed the laſt ſentence, Mrs. Marſhall moved ſlowly down the ſtaircaſe in ſilence. She was a tall commanding figure, whoſe countenance beſpoke a ſtrong mind, over which indignation had caſt an impreſſive-gloom.—As ſoon as ſhe was deſcended, ſhe motioned with her hand to an apartment and led the way. Our ſoldiers followed in ſilence.

There is a cord in the human ſoul that painfully vibrates at the relation of actions which diſgrace its ſpecies. It is this univerſal ſymphathy of our nature that gives to the good heart a mixed ſenſation of remorſe and ſorrow at the recital. It was this ſympathy,

to prove yourselves Romans; and now say what is expected of me?"

"Believe, I tell you, madam," said Rodolphe, "the occasion of our appearance, and our number, I intreat you will receive my honour, which has never been shaded by a breach of my word; that we will protect you.—Command us with the freedom of a parent, we will obey with the respect of children.

"Our orders are to make a garrison of your house. It sounds hostile; it will not be so—your persons and property shall be saved. I have reiterated this

assurance

assurance with the firmneſs of truth, and I depend on your confidence."

"After my recent experience, haſty confidence would betray blameable credulity, and I am aware that to ſtruggle would be as vain, as the attempt would be unwiſe; but though I declare credulity would be weakneſs, I feel that to judge untried would be morally unjuſt. I am diſpoſed to hope, after the ſacred appeal I have made, that the *preſcience* of countenance will not miſlead, and I think in your's I ſee the open lines of candour."

As Mrs. Marſhall ſaid this her eye beam reſted on Rodolpho, whoſe countenance

tenance dilated to meet her enquiry; he did not wish to escape its penetrating power.

"To justify the shade of suspicion that enshrowds my mind, I must inform you of the cause of its intrusion. Its a guest I would willingly get rid off; my mind is not constructed for its accommodation. But we are all the creatures of circumstance, and often too much influenced by our immediate feelings to reason coolly.

"I have been unworthily treated—plundered!—and as my spirit at this moment swells indignant at such licentious abuse of power, my heart melts with the tenderness of regret that it is Englishmen whom

whom I muſt accuſe. My breaſt has ever felt a deriliction in their favour.—But its a painful acknowledgment, that during this unfortunate war, I have with an eye that wiſhed to follow the operations of its natural and ancient character, ſought in *vain* for that unſophiſticated candour covering a benevolent heart; that bravery which danger, nor difficulty could appal, corrected by honour, and tempered by mercy, which in paſt times impelled my admiration, and attracted my friendſhip.

" War exhibits more traits of character than ſuperficial obſervers penetrate; there is ſcarcely a virtue but it may give exerciſe to; and do the manly virtues ever ſo forcibly

forcibly *seize* our better affections, as when they appear to be emanations from valour? The experience of a ſoldier, allows a great diſplay of character.—The popular quality *valour*, is not the leaſt ſubject to alloy. Comprehenſive virtue muſt temper and reſtrain it, or it degenerates into the paſſion of a brute.

" As well might we term the ferocious cruelty of the tyger, who to ſatisfy the ſupreme calls of nature tears open the defenceleſs breaſt of the innocent lamb, *bravery*; as we might term thoſe men valiant, who enter the dwelling of peace, plunder the unprotected, and attempt the purity of the ſpotleſs maid. My experience is not the firſt evidence, during the war,

war, that has exhibited their decline from their ancient valour and *virtue*.

" Theſe evils I have this morning endured from a party of Britiſh. They treated me moſt indignantly! They would have torn my child from me, and led her to *compelled* corruption; but a mother's voice, through which nature ſpoke—arreſted their efforts. I reſcued my child, and after plundering, they left me only two hours before your troop arrived, which we miſtook for them returned, and fled affrighted at your approach.

" My daughter fainted—nature was ſo long before ſhe reſumed her functions, I feared my child had quitted me for ever; then

then it was the voice of maternal love, moaning o'er the only tie that holds me to humanity, attracted your ear—"I feel," said Rodolpho, "the honor of the British flag, wantonly tarnished by such conduct—I hold it in abhorrence—I have, unchecked by the presence of power expressed my sorrow at such proofs of depravity, and my indignation that they passed unpunished, when they have come under my immediate observation, I have fearlessly repressed them.

"Your indignation, Madam, is the impulse of virtue; and while I revere the heart that laments, rather than reviles, that compassionates, rather than denounces vengeance, I am consoled by the assurance, that

that an oppoſite experience will reſuſcitate in your breaſt your paſt derilidtion in favour of the Britiſh character. You have ſaid, you will not judge us untried; we will endeavour to convince you, tho' Britain has ſons o'er whoſe actions it may be our duty to draw a veil, that there are yet ſome whoſe conduct ſhall, at mid-day, invite, rather than repreſs, the ſcrutiny even of the microſcopic eye of ſuſpicion."

"We are in your power, gentlemen," ſaid Mrs. M. "and if my penetration do not deceive me, you will uſe it temperately. I hear the footſteps of my ſervant —ſhe has long ſuperintended my concerns, and will be compliant at my requeſt to your commands.

"She

She rose to leave the friends; and as each respectively took her hand, and bowed on it—the various shades of mingled emotion passed in rapid succession o'er her countenance.—"I leave you, gentlemen," said she, "with impressions, that I hope will be indelible.

If a subject forcibly seize the mind, when it has previously excited some tender feeling of the soul, the sensation it produces is too complex and painful to be relieved by utterance; the mind pauses in silence, and ameliorates its irritation by cool reflection. Our friends, for a short period, sought this quiet relief after Mrs. Marshall left them; and then, as if by intuitive intelligence of each others thoughts,

or as if one ſpirit animated both, they ſtarted from their ſeats at the ſame moment, and exclaimed, "We may lament what we cannot alter; but how ſeldom can we change what we lament!"

In a ſhort time all was arranged—the fugitive domeſtic comfort was lured back to her abode; and the ſweet cordialities of friendſhip began to animate every heart.

The activity of *real* kindneſs is a fairy power that performs wonders; it preſſes onward no object that can promote the intereſt it eſpouſes is too microſcopic for its perceptions—too laborious for its attainment. There was a maturity, a juſtneſs of adaption, in the plans of Rodolpho, that

that rapidly accelerated the completion of his purpoſes; he had a great capacity of thought, a rare ſort of intelligence, that from the fainteſt light given would blaze into the fulneſs of the ſubject.

By judicious arrangement the garriſon bore the appearance of a well regulated family; the domeſtic concerns went forward in the uſual routine; nothing, nor any body, ſuffered interruption.

The ſoldiers who were under Rodolpho's command, however evil their propenſities before, were ſoon weaned from irregularity, by judicious reſtraint and well appropriated indulgence he heard their complaints with patience, reproved their

faults with gentleneſs; and if he obſerved a man particularly aſſidious and orderly, he remarked it, and always diſtinguiſhed him by ſome pointed attention, which flattered his ſelf love, and conferred a diſtinction.

It is inconceivable (except to thoſe who have made the experiment), how forcibly the lower orders of ſociety are affected by the civility of their ſuperiors.

We are all very ready to obſerve their incivility and roughneſs of manners, and complain how much we are inconvenienced by it; and whilſt we are ſo engaged, we forget how many cauſes of diſguſt they have, and how eaſy the purchaſe of their kindneſs

kindneſs would be. A ſmile, in return for the humble obeiſance they make, inſtead of the haughty frown, or contemptuous neglect—five minutes attention to their complaints when they conſider themſelves afflicted, or oppreſſed—advice, if they aſk it, inſtead of the impatient refuſal and harſh denunciation; and a general civility in our occaſional intercourſe with them, would convince them that, though they were denied the advantages of the wealthy, they were conſidered as fellow mortals; beings faſhioned by the ſame beneficent hand.—This would lure their kindneſs, and make them gratefully devoted to us, and the advantage would extend beyond the narrow limits of our convenience, or the gratifi-

cation of their ſelf love; it would extend to their morals; for it will not be denied, that where the great *man* of the village is a *good* man, and treats his poor neighbours and dependants with kindneſs (putting his donations out of the queſtion), that the poor, in his vicinity, are courteous and obliging; and it follows, of purer morals, than thoſe whoſe leſs fortunate deſtiny has placed them within the influence of pride and oppreſſion.

When the poor man who is labouring on the high road, while the rain pours, and a lord, or a biſhop, is enjoying the convenience of his carriage on the path he is mending for his accommodation, the pay for which ſcarcely gives dry bread to his family,

family, bares his aged head to the ſtorm, with the hope he ſhall receive the return of courteſy that he pays, and which would ſerve to ſweeten his morſel, when he quits his toil, and returns to his family; and relates, "that my lord, or the biſhop, *nodded* at him, when he thus hopes, I ſay, to ſee the lord paſs on with a proud ſtare, and the biſhop's poſtillion, unreproved, ſwear he will *drive* over him, if he does not get out of the way." One is almoſt tempted to forgive the *curſe* that eſcapes from his lips.

Our friends, for ſome days, did not ſee Mrs. Marſhall—Selina, her daughter, ſtill ſuffered from the ſhock her young and ſenſible nerves had received; and her mo-

[illegible] at all times formed the strongest feature of her happiness. Ere she makes her voluntary appearance, it will be in place to give some account of her.

Miss Marshall, at the age of sixteen, presented a figure that charmed, and a countenance that engaged; the unobtrusiveness of her manners spoke the modesty of her mind, the soft blush of her cheek, the quick susceptibility of a heart that vibrated to the finest touches of humanity.

She was naturally vivacious and tender; from innocence sprung her vivacity; from fellow feeling her tenderness;—these are the genuine unadulterated sources, from which

which the electric ſpirits and ſportiveneſs of youth ſpring; and theſe, as they tread the progreſſive path of life, will mature into a ſort of unbended philoſophy, that will enable them to view and endure patiently the many colored experience of mortal deſtiny with an equal countenance, if they are led by judicious counſel till the judgment is ſtrengthened.

Selina was fortunate in her guide—her mother was the polar ſtar of her conduct; *her friend*, to whom every avenue of her heart was open; its deepeſt receſſes *ſhe* could explore. She was, indeed, at this period, a character of much promiſe, and the fond object of her mother's heart.

War

War had ſnapped aſunder ſome ſtrong ties of domeſtic comfort; and their privation wound another fold of natural affection round their hearts, and drew them ſtill cloſer.

Mrs. Marſhall had been a widow ſome years—her eſtabliſhment had been ſplendid —war had ſtripped her of ſuperfluities, but ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed enough for the purpoſes of rational comfort and wiſdom taught content. Her marriage had been a happy one—the ſweet ſympathies of mutual affection ſhe had enjoyed in an exquiſite degree as a wife; and when that tender link was divided by death, the torturous pang of ſeparation, which nature is doomed to endure, was agoniſing; deſpair of renovating

vating happineſs was ready to pervade her ſoul, and a murmur reached her lips; but 'ere it fell, her languid eye reſted on the orphan child of him ſhe mourned; her boſom dilated to maternal affection and duty; ſhe yielded to their ſeparate calls; and, from that moment her lamentations ceaſed, and her ſorrow was ſoothed into partial eaſe, by the ſweet intereſt of infantine endearments, and maternal duties. She fondly traced his image that was gone to reſt in the blooming features of his orphan, ſoftened by the delicacy of ſex, and *watched* the progreſs of his virtues in her mind, chaſtened by the ſame diſtinction; and thus her enjoyments were not *decreaſed* by death, but they were more ſublimated, leſs of *ſenſe* in them; they flowed from the combination

combination of intellect, and the purified affections of the heart; ſweet union that calls home the erratic mind, and fixes it on *truth*.

She delighted to ſuppoſe, that from the regions of purity his perceptions reached this ſublunary ſphere, and watched o'er her conduct; ſhe often pourtrayed in her fancy the celeſtial ſcene at that hour, when having burſt aſunder the bonds of mortality, her purified ſpirit would haſten to meet his in the *world* of ſpirits. Sterner minds, who yield not to the ſuavity of ſentiment, will ridicule theſe viſionary ideas, yet they have their uſe, and often keep minds of too great ſenſibility from ſinking under the preſſure of ſorrow, for the

the privation, by death, of the object of their tender affections; and is a ſtimulus to virtuous exertion, that they may again mix in a more ſublimated ſphere with thoſe they loved on earth.

That we ſhall never meet again, ſeems an idea fit only for the *hopeleſs* and callous breaſt of an atheiſt, *if ſuch a character exiſt.*

Mrs. Marſhall had felt much for the diſtracted ſtate of her country, in which every natural tie had been ſnapped aſunder, in unnatural conteſt.—Father fighting againſt ſon, and ſon againſt father; brother againſt brother.—Merciful heaven! Nature

ture bled at every pore!—humanity ſhrinks even at the recollection!

What muſt have been the experience! her connections had never been very extenſive, they were now contracted to a point. Some were eſtranged by emigration, others by death; and ſhe found herſelf and daughter ſtrangers in their native land. She had an only ſiſter, who followed her huſband to a diſtant colony, where he fell, and ſhe had never ſince heard of her.

Her affections often led her to ruminate on the uncertainty of her fate, and the calamities ſhe might have endured:—

theſe

theſe reflections caſt her happineſs in the ſhade; and in thoſe moments, the tenderneſs of Selina was ineſtimable; then it was ſhe felt the *bleſſing* of a daughter. In the hour of ſorrow, natural affection unfolded its pure and ample current, and abſorbed every melancholly reflection.

How capacious is the human heart, as it comes from the hands of the Creator! How grievous that it ſhould ever contract! What an infinity of ſources does it contain, from which if we are wiſe we can extract a portion of happineſs! But amidſt all its delights, is there *one* ſo exquiſite as that which flows from maternal affection?

Let

Let not that being call herſelf unhappy, whatever may have been the colour of her deſtiny, if during its experience ſhe has been ſpared the *bleſſing* of a *tender* and *good* child. Animating indeed are the ſweetly tender conſolations of a daughter!

Mrs. Marſhall (it has been ſaid), indiſcriminately houſed every wanderer whom danger drove to ſhelter; but ſhe cautiouſly eluded converſation on the merits of the war: her ideas were reſerved for ſilent cogitation; it was then ſhe lamented over her country; frequent parties, as they paſt from camp to camp, had ſtopped, and were refreſhed at her hoſpitable board; and departed impreſſed with

with the dignity and politeneſs of her manner. She had never met with the leaſt interruption, 'till the inſtance that has been related.

In a few days Selina's ſpirits and health returned, and Mrs. Marſhall viſited the friends by appointment. They met her with the affectionate reſpect due to a fond parent; led her through the apartments to the library; it was reſtored to its priſtine elegance, as if by magic power; and as ſhe walked between them, her heart felt a delicate pleaſure from the union of gratitude and admiration; her expreſſions of acknowledgment were *few*, but natural and impreſſive, while the look of tender-

neſs ſhe threw on our *ſoldiers* as ſhe uttered them, melodiſed their meaning to the heart.

The ſimple language of genuine ſincerity is far more grateful, and perſuaſive to thoſe hearts over which the world has not caſt its factitious veil, than all the ſtudied graces of eloquence, too often deceptive decorations, that enſhroud the oppoſite quality.

Domeſtic comfort, no longer a fugitive, invited Mrs. Marſhall to ſacrifice to her again round the chearful hearth, and ſhe promiſed the friends, ſhe would reſume her uſual purſuits in a few days.

The

The apartments ſhe choſe were deemed ſacred; and Rodolpho engaged that her retirement ſhould not be invaded.

With Selina's revived vivacity, came a curioſity not a little lively, to ſee the arrangement of the garriſon. She aſked her mother many natural queſtions of the friends, who were not the leaſt intereſting objects ſhe hoped to ſee.

Mrs. Marſhall gave the beauty of Adonis to their perſons, and the brilliant poliſh that elegance reflects to their manners, faſhioned all her deſcriptions, with a view to exceed the original, and raiſe expectation to the pinnacle.

Mrs. Marſhall's intellectual perception was clear, complete; her penetration into characters long *on* the world, of which ſhe had ſeen much, was ſeldom miſtaken. Her daughter's lay open to her view, ſhe could read it with as much correctneſs as a fair ſheet of paper elegantly penned.—She was eagle eyed to every movement of her paſſions or temper. In correcting them ſhe was guided by circumſtance, not by rule. Nothing argues greater obliquity of intellect, than ſuppoſing the mode that has ſucceeded with *one* child will with every other.

Selina had much ſenſibility, refinement of taſte, and all the natural animation of youth; as yet, ſhe has been ſeldom in

mixed

mixed ſociety; the ſupremacy of neceſſity, to which all muſt bend, now impelled her into that of two young men, whoſe perſons were elegant and attracting, and their manners faſcinating; but of whoſe morals and principles her mother had had but ſhort experience. It was a critical moment; its importance had been the ſubject of Mrs. M.'s reflection ſince ſhe knew her houſe was to be their abode.

The jealous perception of parental anxiety ſaw danger, and in ſilence pondered on the wiſeſt mode of preventing its effects. She knew the more we elevate an object, the more diminutive it appears to our optic powers; and by analogy ſhe judged the mental perception; and this

reaſoning led her to colour her deſcription ſo highly, that Selina's firſt impreſſions might not be too deep.

Not an obſervation or queſtion of her's was immaterial to her mother; ſhe reflected on them, in order to diſcover their ſtimulus, that ſhe might draw correct concluſions, and by unwearied vigilance ſhe became the main ſpring of her daughter's actions. She ſcarcely thought without leave, while ſhe conſidered herſelf as a free agent, following the ſpontaneous wiſhes of her heart.

The day the ladies had reſolved to dine in the library, Mrs. M. invited Rodolpho and Therſton to join them at dinner.

Unleſs

Unleſs invited—it had been arranged for them always to have ſeparate tables.—Mrs. M. gave Selina no particular directions for her conduct to our ſoldiers. She wiſhed her *manner* to be unconſtrained, the fair reſult of her feelings. It was a trial ſhe had never paſſed; it might exhibit traits of character yet undiſcovered even by her vigilant mother; they might merit applauſe, or require correction; in either caſe to *know* them was deſirable.

Our qualities and diſpoſitions are called out by circumſtances. Many latent propenſities, and even virtues, may become extinct in the mind, becauſe the combi-

nation of contingences have not excited them to action.

It was a teſt to try her ſenſibility by; it would exhibit natural diſcretion, or betray innate levity, and give her mother an opportunity of deciding on a conduct moſt likely to enſure her ſafety and happineſs; by ſuch adoption only are we enabled to draw correct concluſions of youthful propenſities, when the heart is impelled to a trial of the paſſions.

Leſſons of caution and morality are often rendered uſeleſs, not to ſay more, by a premature delivery; they lock up the avenues to the heart, introduce a ſpurious

ſpurious caution inſtead of the genuine, and give the firſt leſſon of deception. To judge of youthful indications, previous to the characters fixing, on every firſt trial of the paſſions or diſpoſitions, when a new ſcene opens to their view, nature ſhould act unfettered.—Her operations ſhould be vigilantly attended to, corrected or encouraged, before new ideas, excited by novel ſcenes, are too deeply impreſſed; then the voice of wiſdom will be heard with effect from a *judicious* mentor. And believe a veteran, my young friends, her precepts lead to happineſs *immarceſſible*.

The firſt introduction of Selina to the ſoldiers, gave birth to no violent emotion in her heart, as her mother predicted; ſhe

met

met them with unembaraſſed eaſe, and the bluſh that tinged her cheek was the bloom of delicacy, that the ſight of a ſtranger at all times excited.

The highly coloured picture her mother had drawn of our friends, was not realiſed to her inflated imagination, by the coup-d'œil, it was a faded reſemblance only; ſhe diſcovered nought that diſpleaſed, yet her fancy was not ſatisfied; ſhe was in ſearch for the harmony of perfection in perſon, and ſeraphic intelligence of mind, that the deceptions of imagination aided by factitious deſcription, had led her to expect. There was a deficiency ſhe *felt*, but could not *define*.

In truth,

In truth, the tinge of romance her mother purpoſely dreſſed the youthful heroes in made her faſtidious; a tranſient feeling of diſappointment darkened her perceptions—ſhe ſought for defects inſtead of beauties, and though ſhe diſcovered none, ſhe perſuaded herſelf they exiſted, and was diſſatisfied.

Such are the natural feelings of thoſe, who ſuffer their imagination to take the lead. In ſimilar ſituations, as in the one related, might be politic in deſign, and efficient in effect; but there is ſcarcely another where it would not be injurious.

The familiarity of good breeding, and the cordiality of ſentiment, ſoon gave an

intere

intereſt to the meeting of our party. Mrs. Marſhall had unlimited powers of converſation, her information was extenſive, and her language gave an intereſt to the moſt trifling ſubjects, by a happy adaptation.

Rodolpho was eminently qualified to join, there were few points of literature or ſcience that he could not diſcuſs with claſſical correctneſs; and ſubjects of taſte and ſentiment he embelliſhed with the unſophiſticated graces of manly eloquence.

Therſton was lively, his judgement had not the maturity, the perſpicacity of Rodolpho; but he was ingenuous, vivacious, poſſeſſed a taſte for the fine arts,

and

and the moſt playful faſcinating manner that can be imagined. He ſtole into the heart unperceived, and while you were only laughing at his ſprightly ſallies, that would be forgotten the moment after utterance, you become attached to the *man*.

There is ſomething inexpreſſibly attractive in ſuch an aſſemblage, when integrity is the baſe of their erection. Selina increaſed the harmony, beauty, and ſprightlineſs of the quartetto. She was the magnet that attracted and influenced, and to which they were all obedient. She regulated their evening amuſements; for they were in a ſhort time domeſticated with Mrs. Marſhall.

Therſton.

Therſton drew in a ſuperior ſtile, Selina had a luxuriant genius for that imitative and elegant art. She eſtabliſhed prizes for the beſt performances of which Rodolpho was the judge, with him ſhe read and interchanged ideas on the ſubject of their ſtudies, and while *her* lively fancy refined his taſte, *his* ſentiments informed her judgement. Sometimes a point of taſte or ſentiment was ſelected as a ſubject for debate; and Mrs. Marſhall decided whoſe obſervations were moſt correct. Their enjoyments were thoſe of intellect, and perhaps we might travel as long and as *far* as did Diogenes in purſuit of an honeſt man, ere we ſhould meet a party more diſpoſed *to be* pleaſed, or more *qualified to* pleaſe. Every paſſion,

whoſe

whose single force is pleasure, united in each breast to yield them delight, and reciprocal confidence was the base of their friendship.

There was an invisible and subtle agency pervaded their society, which rendered every thing interesting. Yet there are those, whose grosser perceptions will laugh at pleasure of a cast so different from their own; but it has not yet been discovered, why ignorance laughs at what it does not understand.

Time rolled imperceptibly onward, and six weeks elapsed ere they thought one departed. There was little variation of circumstance; but every day came fraught with

with *new* and refined pleasure; the natural consequence of intellectual pursuits, and the interchange of sentiment.

Selina's character received a brighter polish from this intercourse; it became fixed, more true, more powerfully magnetic. Its an incontrovertible truth, however prudes and cynics may deny it with their *lips*, that to the attraction of the sexes to each other do the character of *each* owe its greatest *radiance*.

The female mind, that an extensive knowledge of literature has not yet expanded, seizes with avidity, and appreciates the matured and critical observations of enlightened and liberal men; and the

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alliciency of beauty and innocence, the aſſociated radiance of virtuous grace adds a ſuavity to *their* manners that finiſhes their character.

If there is a reciprocity of improvement, a *mutual* light reflected, and this has been allowed by ſome of the moſt philoſophic men on modern record, the conteſt for acknowledged *equality* in the great ſcale of nature is an idle ſtruggle.

Let man enjoy in idea his viſionary pre-eminence! *it is harmleſs*; for amidſt his loudeſt vauntings, he will not venture to aſſert there is ſex in ſoul.

Where is the retreat of that wiſdom which governs kingdoms; that valor which commands armies; that patriotiſm which oppoſes deſpots, (deeds that reſult from the full aſſemblage of ſuperior intellect), when *man* becomes the victim of the being he *pretends* to deſpiſe, then his actions contradict his aſſertions. The *monſter-killer* Hercules, after all his gigantic feats of ſtrength and valor, meanly ſubmitted to handle the diſtaff; and when Phyne lifts up her veil, the whole areopagas is *corrupted*.

If man wiſhes to convince us his *claim* to pre-eminence is more than a phantom, the pride ſelf love has conjured up, let the

the consistency of his actions prove it. If created to protect us, let him not expose us to danger; if gifted with strength to aid our erring judgments, let him beware of misleading us: if formed to fascinate our senses, let him not seek to corrupt the heart and *meanly* make *weakness* his victim; or with the collected force of every science in his head he becomes more an object of contempt in the eye of virtue than the reptile he crushes under his feet.

END OF VOL. II.

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